

The Musical World.

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ST. JAMES'S HALL, REGENT-STREET AND PICCADILLY. MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

THE TWENTIETH CONCERT OF THE SEASON,
MONDAY EVENING, APRIL 30th, 1860.

The Programme will be selected from the works of
VARIOUS MASTERS.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

QUARTET, in E flat, Op. 61, No. 3 Dussek.
Herr Becker, Herr Rice, Mr. Doyle, and Signor Piatti.

RECIT AND AIR, "Non so donde venni" Mozart.

RECIT AND AIR, "Madame Sainton-Dolby."
Mr. Charles Hallé and Herr Becker.

SONATA, in D major, Op. 10, No. 3 Beethoven.
Mr. Charles Hallé.

PART II.

SONATA, in B flat, Violin and Pianoforte, No. 15. Mozart.
(Composed expressly for Madlle. Strinasacchi.)

LIEDER KREIS
Mr. Charles Hallé and Herr Becker.

AIR, "O Salutaris Hostia"
Mr. Charles Hallé and Herr Becker.

TRIO, in E flat, No. 1, for Violin, Viola, and Violoncello
Herr Becker, Mr. Doyle, and Signor Piatti.

CONDUCTOR—MR. BENEDICT.

Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Unreserved Seats, 1s.—Tickets to be had of
Mr. Austin, at the Hall, 28, Piccadilly; Messrs. Cramer and Co., Hammond, Addi-
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Co., Regent-street; Brooks, 24, Old Cavendish-street; Bradbury's London Crystal
Palace, Oxford-street; Duff and Co., 65, Oxford-street; Prowse, Hanway-street;
Childs, 195, High Holborn; Purday, 50, St. Paul's Church-yard; Keith,
Prowse, and Co., 48, Cheapside; Turner, 19, Cornhill; Cook and Co., 6,
Finsbury-place, south; Humphreys, 4, Old Church street, Paddington-green;
Mitchell, Lender and Co., Olivier, Campbell, and Willis, Bond-street; and Chappell
and Co., 50, New Bond-street.

JULLIEN'S LAST WALTZ will be published in a few
days, by Boosey and Sons, Holles-street.

LES NOCES DE JEANNETTE. By Victor Massé.
The music of this popular Operetta will be ready in a few days. Copyright
of Boosey and Sons, Holles-street.

MADAME LAURA BAXTER will give a Grand Vocal
and Instrumental Concert at St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, on Tuesday
evening, May 15, 1860. To commence at half-past 7 o'clock precisely. Under the
immediate patronage of The Most Noble the Marquis of Lansdowne, The Right
Hon. the Earl of Mount Edgumbe, The Countess of Mount Edgumbe, The Lady
Brownlow, The Viscount Vallerot, M.P., The Lady Katharine Vallerot, &c., &c.
Artists—Madame Catherine Hayes, Miss Ransford, Miss Theresa Jefferys,
Madame Weiss, and Madame Laura Baxter; Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. George Ferren,
Mr. Allan Irving, and Mr. Weiss. Instrumentalists—Violin, Mr. Blagrove;
Violoncello, Herr Lidel; Pianoforte, Miss Matilda Baxter and Mr. B. I. Noble.
Conductors—Mr. W. Vincent Wallace (who has kindly consented to assist on this
occasion), Mr. G. Lake, Signor Vianesi, and Signor Handegger. Reserved seats,
7s.; balcony, 3s.; gallery and orchestra, 1s. To be had of Madame Laura
Baxter, 155, Albany-street, Regent's-park, N.W., of the Music Publishers, and at
the Libraries.

ORCHESTRAL UNION.—MR. ALFRED MELLON begs to announce that he will return to London about the middle of June, when he will be open to any engagements for the Band of the Orchestral Union, which he has reconstructed. Principal Artists—M. M. Sainton, H. Hill, W. Watson, E. Payton, Doyle, Trust, G. Collins, Aylward, Howell, senr, White, P. S. Pratten, Barret, Lazarus, T. Owen, Hauser, C. Harper, Standen, T. Harper, Stanton Jones, W. Winterbottom, Cloff, Hughes, and F. O. Horton. Applications respecting engagements to be made to Mr. George Dolby, 2, Blinde-street, Manchester-square, W.

MRS. JOHN MACFARREN begs to announce that her Annual Matinée of Pianoforte Music will take place on Saturday, May 26th, at the Hanover-square Rooms; when she will be assisted by Miss Arabella Goddard, M. Sainton, Signor Piatti, Mr. Walter Macfarren, &c. Tickets, 10s. 6d., 7s., and 5s. 6d., of Mrs. John Macfarren, 15, Albert-street, Gloucester-gate, N.W.

COLLARD'S CONCERT AND PIANOFORTE SALOON, 16, Grosvenor-street, Grosvenor-square.—**THE ENGLISH GLEE AND MADRIGAL UNION**.—Miss Banks, Mrs. Lockey, Mr. Foster, Mr. Lockey, Mr. Montagu Smith, Mr. Wynn, and Mr. Lewis (Thomas), have the honour to announce that their Annual Series of Morning Concerts will take place (by the kind permission of Messrs. Collard and Collard) at the above Rooms, on Wednesday, June 6th, 13th, 20th and 27th. To commence at 8 o'clock. Stalls 6s. Subscription to stalls (numbered and reserved), for the series of Four Concerts, One Guinea; unreserved seats, 3s. May be obtained at Chappell's, 50, New Bond-street, and at Addison, Hollier, and Lucas, 210, Regent-street.

MEYERBEER'S DINORAH AND STERNDALÉ BENNETT'S MAY QUEEN, are sung nightly at the CANTERBURY HALL CONCERTS. Comic vocalists—Messrs. George Hodson (the Irish comedian and mimic), W. J. Critchfield and E. W. Mackney. Several interesting pictures are added to the Fine Arts Gallery. The suite of Halls have been re-decorated and beautified, and constitute one of the most unique and brilliant sights of the metropolis.

MISS ELEANOR ARMSTRONG begs to announce that her grand Evening Concert will take place on Wednesday, May 16th, when the following Eminent Artists will appear: Miss Eleanor Armstrong, Madame Laura Baxter, Mr. William Cummings, and Herr Eibenschütz, Mr. Charles Salaman, and Herr Adolph Riss, Herr Louis Riss, Herr Lidel, and Mr. Ellis Roberts. Conductor, Mr. Frank Mori. Tickets, 7s.; Reserved seats, 10s. 6d.; to be had of Miss Eleanor Armstrong, at her residence, 36, Osunburgh-street, Regent's-park; and of the principal music-sellers.

MUSICAL UNION.—HALLE AND BECKER, Tuesday, May 1, half-past 3, St. James's Hall. Quartet in D, Mozart; Trio E minor, Op. 114, Spohr; Quintet in C, Beethoven; Solos, pianoforte, Bach, &c. Artists—Becker, Goffie, R. Blagrove, Webb, and Piatti. Pianist—Hallé. Members can pay for visitors at the Hall. Tickets, 10s. 6d. each, to be had of Cramer and Co.; Chappell and Co.; and Oliviera.

J. ELLA, Director.

MISS ELLEN LYON, Vocalist (Soprano). Letters respecting all public and private engagements to be addressed 26, Charles-street, Berners-street, W.

MISS MARGARET McALPINE (Contralto), requests that letters respecting engagements for Oratorios, Concerts, and Pupils, be addressed to her residence, 63, Burton-crescent, New-road.

MISS ELEONORA WILKINSON having removed from her late residence, her present address is 29, Blandford-square.

TO MUSIC PUBLISHERS, CLERGYMEN, COMPOSERS, AND OTHERS.

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CHEAP EDITION OF MOZART'S TWELFTH MASS and ROSSINI'S STABAT MATER, arranged in the most effective manner for the Pianoforte, by Henry Smart, price 3s. each, complete, or handsomely bound, 5s. each. Boosey and Sons, Holles-street.

"THE ARION" (Eight-Part-Choir).—The members of this Society will meet until further notice every Thursday evening, at 8 o'clock, at 13, Berners-street, Oxford-street. Conductor, Mr. ALFRED GILBERT.

F. F. REILLY, Hon. Sec.
Persons desirous of joining the choir are requested to address the Secretary.

BOROUGH OF LEEDS.—The Council of the Borough of Leeds are prepared to appoint an ORGANIST for the Town Hall Organ, at the salary of £200 per annum. The appointment will be made subject to public competition. Printed conditions may be obtained by application at the Town Clerk's Office, on and after the 21st instant.

By Order,
JOHN A. IRIN, Town Clerk.
Leeds, 11th April, 1860.

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NEW SONG FOR THE VOLUNTEERS.—"The Good Old Days," Patriotic song, composed by J. L. Hatton, price 2s. 6d. Published this day by Boosey and Sons, Holles-street.

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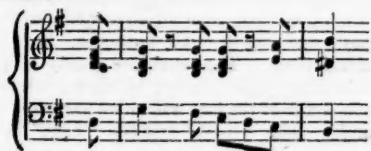
LARGHETTO CANTABILLE and ALLEGRO CAPRICCIO, for the Pianoforte, dedicated to his esteemed friend Wm. Sternale Bennett, Mus. Prof. Cantab., by George Forbes. Leader and Cook, 62, New Bond-street.

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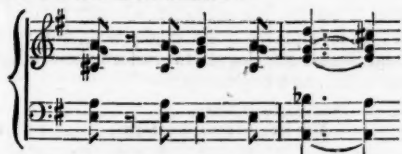
NEW SONGS BY J. W. DAVISON, "Rough wind that moanest loud," (sung by Mr. Santley at the Monday Popular Concerts); "Swifter far than Summer's flight," (sung by Miss Palmer at the Monday Popular Concerts); "False friend, wilt thou smile or weep," Beatrice's song in the Cenci, (sung by Madame Sainton-Dolby, at the Monday Popular Concerts, St. James's Hall); are published by Cramer, Beale and Co., 201, Regent-street. The above Songs form Nos. 1, 2, and 3, of Vocal Illustrations of Shelley. "Mr. Santley was encased in one of the thoroughly picturesque and poetical settings of Shelley, by Mr. J. W. Davison, mentioned a week or two since. His song, 'Rough wind that moanest loud,' is a thoroughly good song."—*Athenaeum*.

REVIEWS.

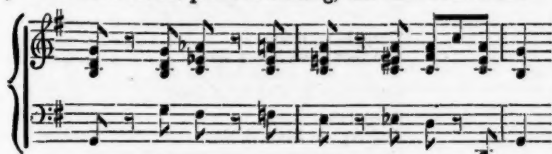
"The sea hath its pearls' barcarole"—words by Longfellow, music by F. Scottson Clark (Augener and Co.) Mr. Clark's Muse sails on smoothly and gaily enough with her "barcarole," until the first full close, when the boat in which, with unperturbed composure, she is sitting, strikes against a rock :—



Extricating herself, however, with what grace she may, Mr. Clark's Muse again sails on smoothly and gaily, until the boat gets stuck in a little shallow :—



Nothing disconcerted, she once more shows her seamanship, and smoothly and gaily arrives within sight of shore, until, just as she is on the point of landing, the boat overturns :—



Metaphor apart, but for the violations of good harmony we have just cited, "The sea with its pearls" (although it has nothing whatever in common with the spirit of Longfellow) would be a very pretty song. It is dedicated to Miss Poole.

"Come back Annie, ballad"—words by John Oxenford, music by J. L. Hatton (Boosey and Sons). This ballad, with chorus, composed for Mr. J. W. Raynor and the Christy's Minstrels, is certainly one of the most genial aspirations ever contributed to the repertory of those perfectly counterfeited niggers. The words, simple and unpretending though they be, are worth quoting :—

"Come back, Annie, come back, dear—
Nought is chang'd since thou wert here,
Here for thee the chair is set,
Here thy book is open yet ;
Yonder too, thy basket stands,
Waiting for thy busy hands,
While thy birds sing merrily,
Hoping to be fed by thee.
Annie dear, Annie dear ;
All for thee is waiting here.

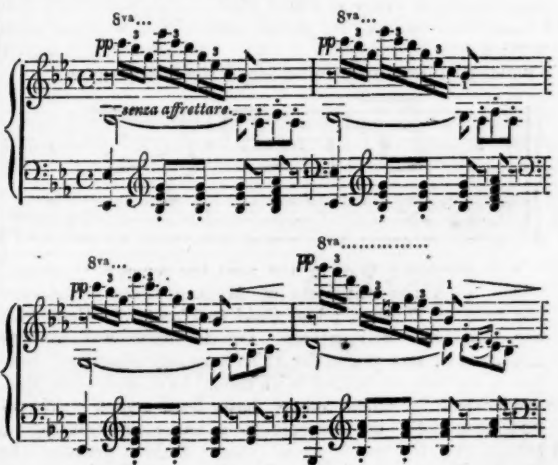
Come back, Annie, come back, dear,
Oft I fancy thou art near,
Often smiles a pallid face,
Oft a slender form I trace :
Then the birds no longer sing,
But with fear are flut'ring,
While the shade resembling thee,
Hope, not terror, wakes in me.
Annie dear, Annie dear,
Living, dead, I'll greet thee here."

"Fantaisie sur Rigoletto," de Verdi—Francesco Berger, Op. 25, No. 3 (R. W. Ollivier). This is a hash that sadly stands in need of better sauce—an *olla podrida* without garlic, a salad without spring onions. M. Berger has made minced-meat of some of Signor Verdi's most genuine melodies, that is all. He has brought nothing of his own, to make up for the torture he is inflicting on the chosen composer of Young Italy. Take, for example, a few bars of the well-known "Donna è mobile :"—



"Giocoso"—says M. Berger! "Giocoso," indeed, for M. Berger, but not for Signor Verdi.

It is as though M. Berger were whipping the tune, for its naughty insinuations against the constancy of the fair sex. A still more graceful melody—"Ah veglia, O donna"—is even more unceremoniously treated :—



"Senza affrettare"—says M. Berger! "Senza affrettare," forsooth! the sooner it was over, we should say, the better.

It is as though mice were running over the face of the melody while it slumbered in repose. Ought such Vandalism as this to be tolerated?—and, if so, to what end? We await the Visigothic reply.

It is much more agreeable (even for professed critics) to praise than to find fault; and we heartily thank Signor

Alberto Randegger for affording us the opportunity of exercising a privilege but too often denied us. The first of a series of songs from his pen which lie before us is, "*She loves me best of all*" (Addison, Hollier, and Lucas), "composed for and dedicated to 'his friend,' Montem Smith." Here, although the melody is somewhat common-place, we cannot fail to welcome the uniform correctness of the harmony, or to dwell with pleasure on such neat points of musicianship as the following:—



A composer need not always be inspired, but should always manifest a knowledge of his art. From "*The Goldbeater*" (Boosey and Sons)—"words by Arthur Matthison, composed for and dedicated to Mr. W. H. Weiss"—we cannot single out a point to cite, and for the simple reason that the song is good enough to be cited *in extenso*. Bold, full of character, and vocally effective, it is also faultlessly written from end to end. As a question of notation, we should like to ask theorists, who busy themselves in the system of harmonics, whether the E flat, in the subjoined quotation, should really be E flat or D sharp:—



Against "*Round the Corner*" (Metzler and Co.)—words by Mr. Charles Swain (the old Swain?—the veteran?)—a sparkling, pretty, and thoroughly "genial" (a word, the employment of which at "Our Club" is punished by a fine of sixpence)—thoroughly genial composition, we must take, nevertheless, an exception or two. For instance, will Signor Randegger inform us in what key is the following:—



We are aware that in the next bar comes a "C sharp," which, with the authority of Michael Costa, establishes the tone of D minor; but *Quid tum postea?* Peraunter, Sig. Randegger will explain. On the other hand, we have not a word but praise for this charming bagatelle ("composed for and dedicated"—we should have said—"to Mad. Rudersdorff"), which might have been signed "Auber," and have done no discredit to a name representing in music what the term "*esprit*" (one of Auber's prenames, by the way*) represents in French. *I Quattro Fiori—stornelli Toscani, di Teobaldo Cicconi, posti in musica* (Addison, Hollier and Lucas)—"*all amico Francesco Berger*"—represent Sig. Randegger in a more ambitious, if not a more attractive light. No. 1, "*La Rosa*," is coquettishly treated—now 6-8, now 2-4, now 8-8, now 3-8 measure, being alternately employed with

an effect scarcely proportioned to the means of expression resorted to. Nevertheless, "*La Rosa*" has some good points. The words "*Una languida rosa di giardini*" (Page 2, in 2-4 measure) are charmingly rendered, and the succeeding bars present a sequence of harmony which only a practised musician could have written. No. 2, "*Il Giglio*," while less affected (Sig. Randegger must excuse the word), is, we think, more beautiful than its predecessor. Here we have genuine expression attained by the most legitimate means—in short, a beautiful song, without reservation or qualification. No. 3, "*La Gaggia*," and No. 4, "*La Vainiglia*," have both much to recommend them. The sparkling gaiety of the first is likely to win many light-hearted admirers, while the more *recherché* character of the last will enlist partisans of a graver turn of mind. The "*Rose*" and the "*Lily*," however, decidedly bear away the palm—which it is proper they should do, seeing that they are so much more beautiful, as "*fiori*," than their companions. "*Sleep, dearest Lady*" (Addison, Hollier, & Co.)—"composed for and dedicated to Miss Dolby"—has been, if we are not mistaken, already noticed in these columns. It is a pretty quiet cradle-song, and we strongly recommend Signor Randegger to restore the original words, printed in italics, and beginning:—

"Sleep, baby, sleep,
Thy father tends the sheep,
Thy mother shakes the little tree,
Down falls a pretty dream for thee.

Sleep, baby, sleep,
The skies are full of sheep;
Each star is but a little lamb,
The moon it is the lambkin's dam.

Sleep, baby, sleep,
And thou shalt have a sheep,
A sheep with golden bells so fine,
A playmate he shall be of thine.

Sleep, baby, sleep,
And cry not like a sheep,
Or else the shepherd's dog so wild
Will come and bite my naughty child.
Sleep, baby, sleep."

—"beginning," we said; well, beginning and ending as above. We recommend their restoration, because they are infinitely more "genial" (saving the presence of "*Our Club*") than the elegant common-places, which are printed in "*Romans*" over their heads. Moreover, the music well expresses the pretty loveable "babble" of Mama. "*To thee, my Love, to Thee*" (Chappell and Co.)—words by W. Allingham, Esq., "composed for and dedicated to Miss Palmer"—is a very spirited song in A minor, the most attractive part of which, however, is the episode in the tonic major (page 2-3) with which each verse concludes, and which is in every sense charming. We have further to notice "*Un so spiro d'Amore, romanzetta*," and "*L'Invito, notturnino*" (J. J. Ewer and Co.), the former a very elegant, the latter a quaint and attractive little song; "*Yesterday and To-morrow*" (same publishers)—"words by Charles Swain"—which, though not at all in the "*ad captandum*" style, is very superior to the ordinary run of ballads, and (page 2, line 2) contains one of Sig. Randegger's favourite (and well-written) sequences; "*Georgiana, impromptu Polka*," and "*Mazurka*" (same publishers)—both for pianoforte alone, the last of which is extremely graceful and by many degrees the best, the first (except the trio in E—page 5) being anything rather than original.

* Daniel François Esprit Auber, born at Caen, January 29, 1784.]

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

MR. RANSFORD'S CONCERT.

SIR,—In your last week's impression I find you have a correspondent (H. T. A.) who states that "Miss Ransford did not (as stated), sing an Italian aria." I should much like to know what he calls "Fatal Goffredo," from *Torquato Tasso*, by Donizetti. I am aware that many notices are written even before the actual thing takes place, for publication, but any one attempting to contradict, correct, or revise a notice, ought himself first to be perfectly acquainted with what actually did take place.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
WILLIAM E. RANSFORD.

THE LATE FREDERICK WILLIAM COLLARD.

SIR,—A biographical sketch of the late Mr. Collard having appeared in several journals, with many inaccuracies, I beg to forward a correct statement of facts relative to that gentleman, whose demise has been a source of regret to his numerous friends.

He was born in June, 1772, at Wiveliscombe, Somersetshire, and came to London in Nov., 1791, entered into an engagement as an assistant with Messrs. Longman and Broderip, music-publishers and musical-instrument makers, and remained with them until that firm became insolvent.

Mr. Collard married Miss Lukey, daughter of Mr. Lukey (formerly partner with Mr. Longman), and in the year 1799 entered into partnership with Muzio Clementi, the celebrated composer and distinguished pianist, under the firm of Clementi, Banger, Hyde, Collard, and Davies. His brother, Mr. William Frederick Collard, subsequently joined the firm, and retired in 1842, with an ample fortune. Mr. F. W. Collard survived his early partners, with the exception of his brother, and upon the latter relinquishing business, Mr. Collard's two nephews, Messrs. Frederick William and Charles Collard, became his partners.

Mr. Collard, from his active and energetic business habits, realised a large fortune, the bulk of which he bequeathed to the two nephews above mentioned. He was a kind and hospitable man, and entertained liberally those who had the privilege of his acquaintance. His will was proved at Doctors'-commons by his executors, Mr. J. P. Theobald, solicitor, Furnival's-inn, Mr. R. Addison, music-publisher, Regent-street, and Mr. H. G. Bohn, publisher, York-street, Covent-garden, at upwards of £130,000. The elder nephew, Mr. Frederick Collard, has now retired from business, and his brother Charles is the sole representative of the late firms.

ALPHA.

CRYSTAL PALACE.

(Communicated.)

THE programme for the new season has just been issued by the directors. A list of special entertainments already decided upon, including six Opera Concerts, the grand Flower Show, the International Musical Festival of the Orphéonists of France in June, and the Great Opening Mendelssohn Festival on the 4th of May, has been prepared, and on each of these special occasions the ordinary price of admission will be 5s. or upwards.

The Mendelssohn Festival has attracted great interest. To suit the general convenience, it has been arranged that the performance of *Elijah* shall commence at three o'clock. This, it is expected, will fill up the time until nearly six; and as soon after that hour as may be convenient, the Statue (which will be placed at the head of the stairs in the centre of the terrace) will be unveiled with appropriate ceremony, many of the members of the principal German Gesangvereine of London assisting.

At dusk a great torchlight procession, similar in character to that which afforded so much surprise and gratification on the occasion of the Schiller Centenary, in November last, will take place around the fountains, and through the winding paths of the terraces and grounds.

It is intended that there shall be four great divisions of torch-bearers, arranged under the command of leaders, wearing sashes and bearing lights—coloured red, blue, green, and white. To carry out the true Germanic feeling, the torches have been specially obtained from Hanover.

Upon the signal being displayed from the Queen's balcony, the torch-bearers, who will have previously assembled at the various points indicated in the plans issued to their leaders, will

light their torches, and proceed in single file through the central paths and walks, and will pass round the series of fountains, and in four lines around the walks on the terrace, thus enabling the visitors in the open corridors and within the building on the garden side, to obtain, under shelter, a full view of this interesting celebration. Upon arriving at the centre of the terrace nearest to the palace, they will advance in four lines to the foot of the statue of Mendelssohn, when, as was the case at the Schiller Festival, the torches will be cast into one general bonfire. At the same moment the fountains will play, and coloured lights will be displayed along the line of the terrace.

MADAME CLARA NOVELLO.

AMONG the lady vocalists whose talent has given lustre to their art, compelled the world to forget the fact of their English origin, and drawn forth the acknowledgment, not only of Continental Europe but even of their native country, no one has reached a higher pinnacle of fame, and no one has more richly merited her elevation, than Madame Clara Novello. Memories that are still green, are stored with impressions of Paton; the generation is not extinct which treasures the recollection of Stephens and Maria Tree; we have men among us who remember with rapture the singing of Salmon and Dickens; and the career of the transcendent Billington was not beyond the experience of many who live to speak of her unparalleled excellence. The warmest enthusiast, however, for any or for all of these remarkable singers, has found it impossible not to admire, not to own, the rare powers of the lady who at this moment ranks in the highest class of European singers, and who is, in a few months, to be lost to us for ever. It is not so generally known as it will be universally regretted, that Madame Novello has determined to take a formal and final farewell of the public in November next; but it will readily be believed—such is this lady's known integrity—that, having so determined, she will abide by the resolution, and not (as has before now been the case with songstresses whose professional position should have held them above the capability of trifling with the world's esteem) make this occasion the first of a series of leave-takings. It will not be until the end of the London season that she can arrive in England; she will then sing, possibly for the Sacred Harmonic Society, perhaps at the Crystal Palace, certainly at the two provincial festivals, and in farewell concerts at the chief towns throughout the kingdom, and lastly, at one or two performances in the metropolis.

The very frequent fact of the value of a treasure being inestimable until after the treasure be lost, occurs not in the instance of Madame Novello; her importance to the station she holds, without a rival, is felt; and the unlikelihood is equally recognised of her having a successor who can satisfactorily replace her. Great as are the requisites for a dramatic singer, the excitement of the scene in which she appears, and the effect of the accessories by which she is surrounded, tend materially to draw forth her best qualities, and, at the same time, to influence her audience. It is a higher grade of artistry, that can enable a singer in an oratorio to control the sympathy of her hearers; since the sentiment she embodies is, for the most part, if more exalted, less generally congenial, and she has not the advantage of action to assist her to enforce its expression. Her greater difficulty than that of a theatrical *prima donna*, indeed, is twofold: first, in conceiving the deeper purpose of the work she has to perform; secondly, in impressing a less ready audience with her conception. Whatever have been Mad. Novello's continental successes on the stage, it is in the more arduous duties of a singer of sacred music that she is best known in England, and it is in this capacity that her retirement will leave a blank which at present appears irreparable. Her grand style, her clear enunciation, and, above all, her exquisite voice, which is wonderful for its magnificent power as it is admirable for its delicious quality: these are the characteristics which every one recognises in the lady of whom we speak; these are what endear her to the lovers of the

highest class of vocal music, and these are what render her aid indispensable to our greatest performances. Who that has heard, in the execution of "God save the Queen," at the Crystal Palace, her beautiful, bright, clear, ringing notes, pealing above the massive sound produced by the thousands of choristers and instrumentalists, distinctly audible at the remote extremes of that colossal building—who that has heard, can recollect the remembrance without as much amazement as pleasure? Who that has heard, in the Hymn of Praise of Mendelssohn, her unparalleled delivery of the phrase, "The night is departing, departing," can ever believe that such perfect loveliness of sound, so beautiful in itself, and so true to the marvellous idea of the composer, can ever be realised by a successor? These are, perhaps, the two most remarkable instances of the display of Madame Novello's unique excellence; but no one who reads our remarks will be unable to swell the list by many examples he must have witnessed, which surpassing everything else he has experienced, are yet surpassed by these two. It is as natural as it is common, to feel a strong interest in the personal career of an artist who has professionally pleased us; to gratify such a desire among the countless admirers of Mad. Novello, to trace the course by which she has attained her pre-eminence, we have been at some pains to collect the particulars of the chief points of her history, which we believe we could not more opportunely than now set before our readers.

Of the three first essentials to a biography—the birth, parentage, and education of the heroine—one, in the case of the heroine, is always a point of delicacy; for who is the heroine, is she old or young, that will be unscrupulous as to the discussion of the date, at least, if not of the locality of her birth. Madame Novello is, however, quite old enough to have earned the admiration, nay, the affection (if the same term of fondness may express the love of the intelligence that we employ to signify the love of the heart) of millions; while she is far too young to leave us without the conviction that she is in the full possession of her powers, that she is at the very apex of her career, and that we ought to have had yet many years' enjoyment of her rare talent. Well, then, though she be a lady, she will have no just grounds of quarrel with us for revealing a fact, which, after all, is no secret, and in which, therefore, we can claim no copyright—the fact, namely, of the precise time and place of her birth.

Clara Novello first saw the light—to use a figure of speech which is scarcely compatible with that optical delusion, whereof she must have proved the fallacy during her sojourn in the brightly sunny south—in Oxford-street, London; she saw, on that occasion, at least as much of the light as ever can penetrate our misty atmosphere, for the event occurred when the air is at its clearest, and the sun is at its brightest, a fortnight before midsummer, in the year 1818, upon the beaming 10th of June. Thus it will be seen, firstly, that she is a genuine Englishwoman; and that this much musically maligned land of fogs and consequent rheums, catarrh, and influenzas, has yet to boast, in her organ, of its power of producing voices of equal beauty to those raised and nurtured in the Land of Song. It will be seen, secondly, that she will leave forty-two years behind her, when she quits this busy scene of ever-renewed excitement for the private seclusion of her own homestead, having still a natural prospect of a very long term for the enjoyment of that repose to which she retires by choice, not by compulsion, to give her family the benefit of her maturity; not because those faculties are exhausted with which she has so long delighted us, that we long to be longer delighted. Daughter of June, perennial flower of forty-two summers, we ask your pardon for this disclosure of your birth, and shall proceed next week to the consideration of your parentage.

(To be continued.)

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—*Israel in Egypt* was performed last night, for the first time this season, the principal vocalists being Miss Parepa, Miss Fanny Rowland, Madame Sainton-Dolby, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Santley, and Signor Belletti.

CONCERTS.

MR. SIMS REEVES'S BENEFIT CONCERT.—Perhaps no singer that ever lived has done more to vindicate the claims of his art than Mr. Sims Reeves; and certain it is that no singer, native or foreign, ever was a more general and deserved a favourite. Not alone is the connoisseur delighted—Mr. Reeves ranking first among the *virtuosi*—but the public at large,—the great shilling-paying masses, whom poor Jullien first taught to know and appreciate good music,—flock in crowds, whenever and wherever the name of Sims Reeves is announced, and by the warmth and heartiness of their applause, testify to the hold that he has upon their sympathies. Other artists may have their special merits, some excelling in sacred, some in secular, some in dramatic music, but of Mr. Reeves it may be said with truth, that in every branch of singing he is pre-eminent. In the majestic strains of Handel, the solemn recitative, the pathetic air, the vigorous declamation, he stands unapproached; while there are many airs that he has made, as it were, his own. Who, for instance, can sing, "Call forth thy powers," "Sound an alarm," "The enemy said," "Then shall the righteous," "Comfort ye my people," "Total eclipse," like Mr. Reeves? Not to multiply instances (as we might *ad libitum*), it is sufficient to say that, as an oratorio singer, Mr. Reeves is unequalled. Nor is it alone in sacred music that his great talents are conspicuous. His dramatic performances are no less admirable—the dashing brigand in *Fra Diavolo*, the ill-fated Edgardo in *Lucia*, the love-lorn Elvino in *La Sonnambula*, Florentin in *Fidelio*, Manrico in *Trovatore* (wide as the poles asunder)—all differing so largely in style, and all alike excellent in conception and execution—stamp Mr. Reeves as immeasurably the first of our English operatic artists. In the concert-room, again, he is at home with all the composers—Beethoven, Mozart, Mendelssohn, alike finding an interpreter worthy of their best inspirations; and no tenor, in our recollection, has ever done such ample justice to their compositions. It is no wonder, then, that the announcement of Mr. Sims Reeves's benefit at St. James's Hall, on Monday evening, should have attracted the largest audience that has yet been seen in that building. Had the room been double the size, it would scarcely have sufficed to accommodate the numbers who sought admission, undeterred by the wretched weather, and anxious only to be present at one of the best of the many good selections with which the Monday Popular Concerts have familiarised the public. As it was, many were the disappointed applicants turned reluctantly away from the doors. Mr. Reeves chose four pieces for the display of his genius, each a perfect gem in its way, although different in style. In the touching recitative, "Deeper and deeper still," from *Jephthah*, and the lovely air which follows, "Waft her angels through the skies," our eminent tenor showed himself a perfect master of the highest style of vocal music. Beethoven's "Adelaide" has lately been frequently sung by Mr. Reeves, but never more exquisitely than on this occasion, the pianoforte accompaniment being played by Miss Arabella Goddard with that delicacy and refinement of which she is unrivalled. A perfect furor of applause followed, and Mr. Reeves had twice to return and bow his acknowledgments, wisely resisting an encore. The air from *Don Giovanni*, "Dalla sua pace," afforded Mr. Reeves an opportunity of exhibiting his appreciation of Mozart; and as a further proof of his versatility, so much humour was infused into the elegant little air of "Beethoven," "The stolen kiss," that an irresistible demand for its repetition ensued. It is a very long time since Mrs. Reeves has been heard in a London concert-room, and the public, not forgetful of an old favourite, accorded her a hearty welcome. Mendelssohn's "Frühlingssong," and Spohr's duet from *Jessonda*, evinced those musician-like qualities which have always characterised Mrs. Reeves's singing. Madame Sainton-Dolby also selected a song of Mendelssohn, "Night," and was warmly applauded for her highly effective and most expressive rendering of Mr. J. W. Davison's setting of Shelley's words, "False friend, wilt thou smile or weep" (*Cenci*).

The instrumental selection constituted a worthy companion to the vocal; Beethoven's so called "Posthumous Quartet," in F major, Op. 133, was heard for the third time at these concerts, and with increased interest, and Rossini's Quartet, in G

major, No. 1, although but a bagatelle in comparison with that of the giant tone-poet, was nevertheless sufficiently interesting to warrant its introduction. The executants in each instance were Messrs. Sainton, Goffrie, Doyle and Piatti, and both quartets were played to admiration.

One of Mozart's Sonatas in F major, for pianoforte alone, was given for the first time and when we say that this beautiful composition was performed by Miss Arabella Goddard with all her admirable taste, faultless mechanism, and incomparable expression, our readers have a guarantee that no word other than "perfect" can apply to it. In Dussek's very popular Sonata in B flat (Op. 69)—No. 1 of the *Monday Popular Concert Library*—Miss Goddard enjoyed the co-operation of M. Sainton, whose purity of tone and thorough mastery of his instrument, divided the plaudits with the fair pianist, and both artists were honoured by a recall. A more splendid performance could not have been desired.

Next Monday the selection will be again from various masters—Mr. Charles Hallé, Madame Sainton-Dolby, Herr Becker, and Mr. Sims Reeves, being the principal performers.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The concert on Saturday, one of unusual interest, was a "Shaksperian Selection;" why given on this occasion we have not been informed. The notion and poetry of every piece, however, was referable to the works of the great poet. The performance commenced with Mendelssohn's music to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, the principal singers being Miss S. Wells, Miss Eyles, Mr. William Cummings, Mr. Baxter, Mr. Land, Mr. Lawler—all members of the London Glee and Madrigal Union—and a chorus under the direction of Mr. Smythson. Mendelssohn's music was followed by a miscellaneous selection, including two overtures—*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, by O. Nicolai, and *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, by J. Street—and comprising compositions by Sir Henry Bishop, Sir John Stevenson, Dr. Callcott, Dr. Wilson, and Stevens. The single encore of the concert was awarded to Stevens' glee, "Blow thou wintry wind," sung by Miss Wells, Miss Eyles, Mr. W. Cummings, and Mr. Lawler. The concert-room was crowded, and nearly four thousand persons were assembled in the building.

BRIXTON.—Mrs. F. Lucas gave a concert last week in the New Music Hall, when Madame Sainton-Dolby, Mrs. Winn, Mr. Montem Smith, and Mr. Winn, as vocalists, and Miss Cazaly, Mr. O'Leary (pianoforte), and Mr. G. Horton (oboe), as instrumentalists, lent their assistance to the concert-giver, who was in excellent voice, and gave the grand scena from *Der Freischütz* with feeling and expression, also a duet with Madame Sainton, besides singing in several concerted pieces. Madame Sainton was encored in Balfe's "Green trees whispered low and mild," and in "Janet's Choice" (Claribel). Mrs. Winn was similarly complimented in a ballad, and the other vocal pieces went off with spirit. The instrumental music consisted of pianoforte fantasies of Thalberg and Liszt, extremely well played by Mr. O'Leary and Miss Cazaly, and a solo on the oboe, on subjects from *Pia di Tolomei*, skilfully executed by Mr. Horton. Mr. O'Leary was accompanist at the pianoforte. The audience were evidently pleased with the entertainment Mrs. Lucas had provided for their gratification.

MUSIC AND THEATRES IN PARIS.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

Thursday, April 12.

THE members of parliament and other energetic English, who, eager to enjoy their short holiday, rushed over here to spend the last days of Lent and this Easter week—anticipating, no doubt, all the delights of spring-time, the "gioventir dell'anno," must have been rather disappointed. Some fine days we certainly have had, but on Tuesday cold, with a slight fall of snow, began again. However, if the daytime has been unpropitious, evening has brought the never-failing resource of the theatre, and many a hearty laugh, or, if the piece be touching, a tear in some pretty blue English eye, has borne testimony to the charm of that first-rate kind of acting that is so remarkable here.

However, talking of theatres, I will give you a rapid sketch of what has been going on at the Operas. *Pierre de Médicis* brings excellent receipts to the Grand-Opéra: that is, I suppose,

the criterion of the success of a piece. Prince Poniatowski gave the banquet the Saturday before Passion Week to the "administration" and all the principal singers and dancers of the Opéra, and a gracious remuneration to the choristers; so you can imagine that with them the opera is popular also. Monsieur A. Royer goes on actively, however, with his design of bringing out the *Semiramis* of Rossini, which Méry has just finished translating into French. Putting aside the great musical outline of the composer, which, of course, will be preserved, it is in many ways thrown almost into a new form—a general re-arrangement of the text and recitatives having been found necessary for the French stage. The decorations will be gorgeous. There is some talk of Méry taking the part of Assur. On Thursday, Friday, and Saturday of Passion Week all the imperial theatres were closed: the Italian Opera was the one exception, but it was to give the *Stabat Mater* of Rossini that the doors were opened. The Emperor and Empress had the same artists to perform it also in the chapel of the Tuilleries. Mesdames Alboni, Penco, Battu, and MM. Tamberlik, Badiali, Morini, and Manfredi, sang this grand work. The parts that gave the most pleasure were the quartetto, "Quando corpus morietur," sung by Alboni, Mad. Penco, Tamberlik, and Badiali, and "Fac ut portem Christi," sung by Alboni. At the Opéra-Comique, the *Roman d'Elvire* is again being played, as Madlle. Monrose is better. *Galathée* is given on alternate nights. I told you last week of the probability of M. Carvalho giving up the management of the Théâtre-Lyrique. Since I wrote, all arrangements have been concluded, and M. Rétz has assumed the reins of government, while M. Carvalho has gone to London with his wife. The Théâtre-Lyrique thus loses its greatest ornament in losing Mad. Carvalho. But for the lady, in a lucrative point of view, it is decidedly an advantage for her, as they say M. Carvalho lost during his management, notwithstanding the brilliant way in which it was carried on. And, certainly, to lose was but a sorry recompense for so much trouble, whereas, as it is, he may look forward to a brilliant and successful career for his wife.

Last week—to speak now of the drama—the Gymnase gave a new work from the pen of M. Dumanoir, assisted by M. Keranion. It is a comedy in four acts, entitled *Jeanne qui rit et Jeanne qui pleure*, and bears somewhat in its plot a resemblance to *La joie fait peur* of Mad. de Girardin. But the plan of the work, and style in which it is treated, save it from being a reproach that it is so. Whenever M. Dumanoir writes a piece the public can go in all security and retain their places, certain that it will be more or less brilliant, well written, and worth listening to. The tale runs thus:—Madame Jeanne Rey has lost her husband in the war in Kabylia. The gallant Colonel Rey, surrounded by Arabs, fell at the head of his regiment. Madame Rey had not gone with him to Africa, but remained behind in a little town in Brittany, to take care of her mother-in-law (who is infirm and blind), and her husband's young sister Laurence. A year-and-a-half have hardly passed since this misfortune, when Mad. Rey and Laurence leave off their mournful dress, and appear brilliantly attired at a ball given by the sous-préfet. The poor young husband, to all appearance, has been soon forgotten, and charming and graceful as is the young widow, she is, it would seem, worldly and frivolous at heart. Her conduct is the talk of the little provincial town, and the name given her is *Jeanne qui rit*. But the other Jeanne who is she? She is a Mad. Jeanne Vanneau, a model widow. No one, however, knew her husband. He was captain of a vessel that was wrecked, and his widow has retired to this little town. Never would she be seen at a ball at the sous-préfet's, she would not wear those pretty lilac colours invented for transitory sorrows. Nothing is too black or mournful (it is true, she is fair, and fair people are longer in being consoled, so the French say, than dark, as black is so becoming to them). She is, in fact, *Jeanne qui pleure*. Meanwhile, M. Maurice Bouel, the surgeon of the regiment, and the inseparable friend of Colonel Rey, arrives from Africa. Ere his death, the Colonel had sent some last words to his family by him. But being struck down himself a few minutes afterwards he was taken prisoner. He had just recovered his liberty and returned to

France to fulfil his sad mission. On arriving in the little town the first news he hears is the heartless conduct of Madame Rey. Maurice, who loves Laurence sincerely, and who had come back to marry her, is shocked by hearing she has been her sister-in-law's companion in these gaities, and meeting Mad. Vanneau, who had been a first-love long ago, recalls his promises, tells him she is free, and whose conduct offers such a contrast to the others. She again induces her to ask him to marry her. But he must call on the family of the Colonel, and there his indignation soon changes to admiration, as he discovers the secret of the false gaiety. It is the day the letters ought to arrive from Africa: the poor old blind mother asks if the accustomed letter from her son, which had never yet missed, has arrived. Yes, the letter has come: they read it to her; the Colonel is well. Maurice guesses everything, but at an imploring sign from the two women, remains silent. To preserve yet a few happy hours to the poor blind mother, the wife and sister devour their tears in secret. It is because she likes to hear her son's wife is admired Jeanne has appeared at the ball. And no one has discovered the secret of this pious disguise, except an old notary, M. Bidault. Maurice leaves them more in love with Laurence than ever, but bound in honour to another woman. In the third act the interest increases, for the hypocritical character of Mad. Vanneau develops itself; her anxiety to hasten her marriage, her rage when it must be deferred, certain papers being necessary, and her consternation when a letter is put into the notary's hand and he tells her it is from her husband, who is still among the living. Maurice, delivered from his engagement, goes joyously to try and make his peace with Laurence. She at first refuses to accept him, but relents, and when told a husband has come to life a wild hope crosses her mind that it is her brother. A letter is put into her hand; this time it is a genuine one, and from her brother, who is alive. He was only wounded and is saved, in another instant he will be home. She reads in an ecstasy of joy the letter to the old mother. Jeanne enters while it is being read, recognises the writing of her husband, by an immense effort controls her emotion, and seizing the letter she falls on her knees and reads it; at the same instant Colonel Rey is heard coming up stairs. The artifice of the poor old notary who had first heard of the Colonel's being alive, and making it a trap by pretending to Madame Vanneau that it was her husband, thus thoroughly unmasking her character, freeing Maurice, making him and Laurence happy, and working up the curiosity of the spectators, is most cleverly done, and the last scene is most dramatically and touchingly acted. Mad. Rose-Cheri performed the part of Mad. Rey; M. Desrieux that of Maurice. Bouel-Geoffrey was remarkable in the character of Bidault the notary, and the rest of the characters were well filled.

A paper here says that the direction of the Grand-Opéra is to pass into the hands of the municipality of Paris, and that this change would hasten the construction of a new opera-house. Other papers say there is a talk of the town of Paris paying the expenses of the building, and giving it up in compensation for the pretty park of Monceau. The last number of the *Revue Municipale* says that "M. Bellu, to whom Paris owes the building of several theatres, has been charged, under the direction of M. Davionid, architect, with the reconstruction of the Théâtre-Imperial (the old cirque), and of that of the Théâtre-Lyrique. The agreement has been signed by M. Bellu and the Prefect of the Seine, and authorised by the highest authority. M. Bellu has engaged, for the sum of 4,300,000 francs, to finish the two theatres in the space of eighteen months from the day on which the ground on which they are to be built is given up for that purpose by the town. It is not only the exterior, but in a state perfectly fit to enter in that they are to be given up by that time."

Among the aristocratic *dilettanti* there is a talk of getting up a series of concerts, with a programme of the highest order. MM. de Morny, Troplong, Baroche, &c., with Prince Poniatowski as their president, are a few of the names talked of already.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—This Evening (Saturday April 28), second time, the new opera, by Signor Campana, entitled *ALMINA*. Blondello, Signor Giuglini; and Almina, Madlle. Piccolomini (her last appearance but one previous to her final retirement from the stage). Concluding with the new Ballet *Divertissement*, in which Madlle. Pocchini, Madlle. Morlacchi, and M. Durand, will appear. In consequence of the extraordinary enthusiasm created by Madame Borghi-Mamo and Signor Mongini, in Rossini's opera of *Otello*, and in accordance with a generally expressed desire that the same should be repeated, the management have the honour of announcing to the nobility, gentry, and subscribers, that on Tuesday next, May 1, will be performed (second time) *Otello*. Desdemona, Madame Borghi-Mamo (her sixth appearance in this country); Elmiré, Signor Violette; Iago, Signor Everardi; and Otello, Signor Mongini (his second appearance in that character in England). Conductor—M. BENEDICT.

It is respectfully intimated that in order to secure places, early application should be made at the box-office of the theatre, which is open daily, from 10 till 5, under the direction of Mr. Nugent.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

First appearance of Signor Ronconi. On Tuesday next, May 1, will be performed (for the first time these two years), Auber's Opera

FRA DIAVOLO.

Zerlina, Madame Miolan-Carvalho (her first appearance in that character); Lady Alcega, Madlle. Corbari (her first appearance in that character); Il Marchese, Signor Gardoni; Lorenzo, Signor Verdi Baraldi; Matteo, Signor Polonini; Beppe, Signor Tagliafico; Giacomo, M. Zelger; and Lord Alcega, Signor Ronconi (his first appearance this season).

Conductor—Mr. COSTA.

La Saltarella in the third act, will be danced by Madlle. Zina and M. Desplaces. Subscription Night next Thursday.

First appearance of Signor Graziani.

Thursday next, May 3, will be given as a Subscription Night, in lieu of Saturday, August 18, on which occasion (for the first time this season) Verdi's Opera

IL TROVATORE

will be performed with the following powerful cast:—Leonora, Madame Grisi (being the third of the twelve representations to which her engagement is limited); Azucena, Mdlle. Caillag (her first appearance in that character); Inez, Madame Tagliafico; Il Conte di Luna, Signor Graziani (his first appearance this season); Fernando, Signor Tagliafico; Ruiz, Signor Lucchesi; Un Zingaro, Signor Rossi; and Manrico, Signor Mario (his third appearance this season).

Doors open at Eight o'clock, the Opera commences at half-past. Pit tickets, 7s.; amphitheatre stalls, 7s. and 5s.; amphitheatre, 2s. 6d.

JULLIEN FUND.

THE illness of M. Jullien having, with fatal rapidity, terminated in death, it has been resolved that the donations to the JULLIEN FUND shall be applied in the manner which would have been most in consonance with the wishes of the deceased, had it been permitted him to express them, viz., to the relief of his widow and family, who, by his loss, are left totally unprovided for.

Committee for the distribution of the Jullien Fund.

Mr. John Mitchell; Mr. W. R. Sams; Mr. Thomas Chappell; Mr. W. Duncan Davison; Mr. Jules Benedict; Mr. A. Blumenthal.

Honorary Treasurers.

Mr. John Mitchell, 33, Old Bond-street; Mr. Thomas Chappell, 50, New Bond-street; Mr. W. R. Sams, 1, St. James's-street.

Bankers.

Messrs. Coutts and Co., Strand; Heywood, Kennards, and Co., Lombard-street; London and County Bank, Hanover-square;—who, as well as the Honorary Treasurers, have kindly consented to receive subscriptions.

Subscriptions already advertised £410 10s. 10d.

Additional Subscriptions.

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Proprietors of Punch ..	5 5 0	J. Williams, Esq., Debden	
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HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Madlle. Piccolomini begs respectfully to announce to the nobility, gentry, and subscribers, that her FAREWELL BENEFIT will take place on Monday next, April 30, on which occasion she will have the honour of bidding adieu to the public, it being positively her last appearance on the stage. Full particulars will be shortly announced. In order to secure places, it will be necessary to make early application at the box-office of the theatre, which is open daily, from 10 to 5, under the direction of Mr. Nugent.

NOTICE.

THE MUSICAL WORLD may be obtained direct from the Office, 28, Holles-street, by quarterly subscription of five shillings, payable in advance; or by order of any Newsvendor.

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THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 28TH, 1860.

THE new season at Sydenham will be inaugurated on the 4th of May, in the most brilliant manner conceivable. We cannot look for a third Handel Commemoration Festival; but if there is a name closely associated with that of Handel in the minds and hearts of Englishmen, it is the name of Mendelssohn. Next in popularity to *The Messiah* undoubtedly stands *Elijah*; and, while spell-bound under the influence of those mighty choruses of the Christian Musical Epic,—delivered by thousands of voices and instruments, assembled (under the guidance of one directing intelligence, and one mechanical guide—the mind and the bâton of Mr. Costa), in the great central transept of the Crystal Palace, on the never-to-be-forgotten 100th anniversary of Handel's death—many were the speculations as to how the choruses of Mendelssohn would sound under similar exciting circumstances. It was the general belief that the choruses in *St. Paul* would present difficulties not easy to surmount, but the opinions in favour of *Elijah* were unanimous.

Nevertheless, after frequent and earnest discussions of the subject, not only at the time specified, within the walls of the Crystal Palace, but subsequently in almost every musical circle throughout the country, the idea was almost universally abandoned as untenable. "There will be no possibility"—it was argued—"at least during the life of the present generation, of again bringing together such an army of choristers, however it might be practicable, with Michael Costa's indomitable energy, to enlist another instrumental army as numerous and as formidable as the last." But those who exhibited this want of faith, had reckoned without their host—in other words, without their Robert K. Bowley—for, in the organisation of such gigantic undertakings, Mr. Bowley is notoriously a "host" in himself. He, no doubt, had reflected on the matter deeply, and as the first step to once more making the "giant-chorus" a palpable fact, was resolved that the flower and strength of this phalanx should not be dispersed at all. He had at his command a convenient locality, known under the familiar name of "Exeter Hall," where some two thousand could occasionally be accommodated in anticipation of future events. Here Mr. Bowley persuaded them not only to meet at intervals, but what was more important, to meet for practice. Since the Handel Festival, then, the so-called "Metropolitan Contingent" of the Handel Festival chorus have assembled from time to time, and under the superintendence of their celebrated chief, Mr. Costa, have been resolutely drilled, not only in the music of Handel, but in that of other composers

—such, for example, as the old Italian masters, an invaluable school for the attainment of choral excellence. Thus a nucleus has not only been kept together, but vastly improved in efficiency, ready, at a moment's notice, for any great undertaking. Attention of late has been especially accorded to the choruses of *Elijah*, two or three rehearsals of the whole of which have taken place in Exeter Hall, preliminary to the grand performance of the oratorio at the Crystal Palace, projected some time since, and now publicly advertised for Friday next, the 4th of May. How the idea originated may be best set forth in the language of the prospectus, just issued by the directors of the Crystal Palace:—

"When the news of the sudden and premature decease of Mendelssohn reached England, in November, 1847, the Sacred Harmonic Society were preparing a performance of his oratorio, *Elijah*, which had been given in its revised form at Exeter Hall, under the composer's direction, in the preceding April. The regret expressed on all sides at the sad intelligence led to a subscription being immediately entered into for the erection of some permanent memorial to the worth and genius of the departed musician. Her Majesty the Queen and H.R.H. the Prince Consort took much interest in the furtherance of this object; while the Philharmonic Society, and other musical institutions, with a large number of professors and amateurs, contributed towards its accomplishment. Some hundreds of pounds were collected; the amount being invested in the Funds, in the names of trustees. The original intention was to place in some public building a bust of the composer. Applications were addressed to the authorities of Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's Cathedral, the British Museum, and other establishments of a public nature. In some cases, however, fees were asked almost exceeding the whole amount of the subscription; in others, the application was refused; and although no opportunity has been lost of endeavouring to carry out the original idea, it has been found impracticable. Upwards of ten years having elapsed since the death of Mendelssohn, and the committee feeling reluctant to remain under the reproach of inaction, it was ultimately determined, notwithstanding the great additional cost, that a bronze statue should be executed, which might be placed in some prominent position in the open air, instead of within the walls of a public building. In accordance with this determination, Mr. Charles Bacon, the sculptor, who had previously prepared a full-length model of the deceased, was entrusted with the task. Mr. Bacon unfortunately laboured under great disadvantages, inasmuch as the utmost diversity exists between the different portraits and busts of the composer. In the execution of the statue, however, he has been favoured with the advice of many of Mendelssohn's most intimate friends in this country; and among others, Mr. Klingemann, Sir G. Smart, Mr. Benedict, Dr. Sterndale Bennett, Mr. Buxton, Mr. Chorley, Mr. J. W. Davison, Mr. Gruneisen, &c. The Misses Alexander, Mrs. Grote, and Madame Lind-Goldschmidt, have also assisted the sculptor with their suggestions. The model completed, the casting was entrusted to Messrs. Robinson and Cottam, of Lower Belgrave-place, by whom, within the last few months, it has been successfully accomplished. The statue is to be removed early next week to the Lower Terrace of the Crystal Palace, preparatory to the Inauguration Fête on Friday, the 4th of May.

"As, with the exception of the statue of Handel by Roubiliac (now in the possession of the Sacred Harmonic Society, originally in Vauxhall Gardens), this work is the only instance of a statue to a musical composer being erected in this country, the present is deemed a fitting occasion for a celebration of the event. In order to carry out as completely as possible the object in view, it has been determined to celebrate the occasion by the grandest performance of the composer's best-known work, the oratorio of *Elijah*, which has ever taken place. The Sacred Harmonic Society will provide an orchestra of nearly 3,000 performers. In addition to the Handel Festival Choir (which, besides the chorus of the Sacred Harmonic Society, comprises members of the principal choral societies of the metropolis), the leading professional choristers, with deputations from the principal provincial choral societies and cathedral choirs, and various continental bodies, will be present. The band will include the instrumentalists of the Sacred Harmonic Society, with numerous additions from the principal orchestras of the metropolis, the Crystal Palace, &c. The stringed instruments alone will exceed 250 in number. The whole of the arrangements are under the direction of the committee of the Sacred Harmonic Society; and Mr. Costa has undertaken to conduct the performance. Mdle. Parepa, Madame Sainton-Dolby, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Signor Belletti, with other vocalists, are engaged as principals. The arrangements for the audience will be under the direction of the stewards of the Sacred Harmonic Society, whose

exertions contributed so much to the general comfort at the Handel Commemoration of last year."

"Thanks be to God,"—the "Baalite" choruses,—and above all the "Sanctus" ("Holy! Holy"), with three thousand singers and players (the singers of course in proportion), will be something to look forward to—something, indeed, that we may naturally expect to rival, if not surpass, the stupendous displays of 1857 and 1859. If untiring zeal and perseverance in providing for the gratification of the public are entitled to support, surely never was patronage more richly deserved than by the directors of the Crystal Palace and their indefatigable General Manager.

COMING to their usual box in the "Edinburgh Castle," Pantagruel and Epistemon found upon the table a small piece of paper, on which were some verses in the villanous handwriting of Panurge. Nor was the paper itself without pictorial adornment, for the poet had evidently placed on it a glass of stout, which being wet at the bottom, had left behind it a spacious brown ring, whereby much of the poetry was encompassed.

"Chance," said Epistemon, "hath here disported itself"—

"If thou personifiest Chance," observed Pantagruel, "rather say 'herself,' for I take it the personified Chance correspondeth to the goddess Fortuna—*gratim quæ regit Antium.*"

"Well, then," said Epistemon, pettishly, "Chance hath disported herself in a most humorous and fitting manner. Songs of war are sometimes surrounded by a wreath of laurel; on Valentine's Day, sixpence will purchase you an amatory sonnet set in a circle of true lover's knots. Now here thou findest the poetry of Panurge encompassed by beer—the very Hippocrene whence the bard draweth his inspiration. Well might he say with Persius:—

*'Nec fonte labra prolui caballino
Nec in bicipiti somniase Parnasso
Memini'*—

No kick of a horse produced this Pierian spring—this Hippocrene hath its beginning in the vat of one of those mighty men who are now so vociferous in the cause of sobriety."

"Read the poetry—read—read!" cried Pantagruel, impatiently. "I do not greatly affect poetry read aloud; but still thy converse is so infernally dull, that I would have thy tongue employed on anything rather than on the utterance of thine own absurd views and sentiments.

Thus encouraged, Epistemon read as follows:—

"THE GARDEN DEITY.

"This cottage on the moor, so modest, with its thatch
Of bulrush and of sedge, right faithfully I watch;
A log of oak am I, hewn by a rustic hand,
But yet I ever spread a blessing o'er the land.
A father and a son, who in this cottage dwell,
Salute me as a god, and venerate me well.
One piously takes care, lest weeds and grasses rude
Upon my sacred ground irreverently intrude.
The other brings me gifts of little value—still,
Their worth is great indeed, if measur'd by his will.
In Spring a varied wreath upon my brow is set,
With sprigs of early corn, and many a violet;
Gourds, fragrant apples too, in season they bestow—
Grapes that with deepening tint beneath their foliage grow.
Sometimes the wanton kid, sometimes the bearded goat,
Upon my altar bleeds—(but this you'll mention not).
For all these pious gifts some gratitude is due—
So here Priapus stands, a watchman ever true;
These vines and plants, rude boys, he safely guards from you.)

A wealthy churl, who ne'er to me will tribute pay,
Is living near—rob him—you can't mistake your way."

"That," said Pantagruel, approvingly, "is the best thing he has done."

"Well," said Epistemon, "measured by that very low standard, it may, perhaps, be allowed to pass. Nor, as he has once, on the precedent of old George Chapman, adopted this meter as an equivalent for the hexameter, can we well object to his extension of the same to the Ithyphallic numbers in which, as thou knowest, the eighteenth carmen of Catullus is written. For your Ithyphallic is such an enervation of the hexameter, that the distinction between them, though palpable to the ancients, is not perceptible to an ear trained to the observance of accent only, and not of quantity. Some, probably, will take pleasure in the distich:—

*'The other brings me gifts of little value—still,
Their worth is great indeed, if measured by his will.'*

But to me, it is such a violent expansion, and therefore distortion of the original line—

'Alter parva ferens manu semper munera larga,'

That I fancy our vile friend hath rather translated Döring's note on the line, than the line itself, *'Munera parva, quæ quis pio animo offert suo si metiariis modulo, sunt magna et diis gratissima.'*

"The history of the widow's mite told in Pagan fashion," said Pantagruel, with a sigh.

"As for the concluding two lines," continued Epistemon, "I find them most offensive and detestable. The wealthy churl never *pays* tribute to Priapus, but as '*pays*' won't rhyme with '*way*,' the poet has recourse to the low, shabby expedient of turning the present into a sort of indefinite future, and sings '*will not pay*.' Out upon such hobbling rhymesters, when they lay their profane hands on one of the choicest gems of Roman poetry that was ever bequeathed to the present generation."

"Stop thy miserable abuse of thy betters," exclaimed Panurge, who had slipped in unobserved, and had been sitting in the adjoining box for some five minutes, listening with small pleasure to the comment on his verse, "and hear the news. This paper I hold in my hand is the *Ent'Acte* for the 14th of April, and it containeth a dialogue wherein great praise is bestowed on our converse—as choice, witty, pleasant, and erudite!"

"Ha!" said Epistemon, "then it must refer to some discourse in which thou tookest no part. But what is the meaning of this? One of the speeches in this dialogue saith that the record of our conversation is in imitation of Rabelais. Who in the name of wonder is Rabelais? I flatter myself that our talk now and then approacheth the fashion of Erasmus, but I never heard of Rabelais."

"Hast thou forgotten him?" said Pantagruel—"a low, dirty, clerical fellow, who a long time ago was always dangling at my heels."

"I think I recollect the varlet," said Panurge, "but I always kept him at a respectful distance, and held with him but small converse. Ha! he was not a wight with whom I would have been seen walking down Little St. Andrew-street!"

"The worst of the knave was," observed Pantagruel, "that he wrote a sort of history of our transactions, in which he made us talk all sorts of filth and obscenity."

"Us!" exclaimed Epistemon; "us, who are negotiating with the Tract Society for the sale of our dialogues, as likely to purify the moral atmosphere of this sinful metropolis!"

"Therefore observe the kindness of the *Entr'Acte*," interposed Panurge. "Though it wrongly ascribeth our talk to the influence of that base ribald, yet it lovingly saith that the pure ore and not the dross is imitated."

"Humph!" growled Epistemon, "then why doth it contain Latin that no one can read? Look here: 'Qui se ipse laudet, itoc derisorem invenit?' What the devil doth that mean?"

"Hadst thou been as deeply versed in the sentences of Publius Syrus as becometh thy years," said Panurge, "thou wouldst know that the passage thou hast quoted is a misprint for—

'Qui se ipsum laudat, cito derisorem invenit.'"

"Five words wrong out of seven is a heavy proportion," murmured Epistemon.

"I know the saw right well," exclaimed Pantagruel, cheerfully. "Joseph Scaliger hath Hellenised it thus:—

'Αὐτὸν ἐαυτὸν τάχα γελαστήν περιέτυχε.'"

"It strikes me," remarked Epistemon, after a pause, during which he had carefully read the dialogue in the *Entr'acte*, "that thy pretended friend is only laughing at us, for he putteth all the commendation of our wit in the mouth of an individual, whom he afterwards representeth to be the author of our dialogues."

"And why, thou disagreeable curmudgeon," shouted Panurge, "why the devil should he not laugh?—

—— 'Ridentim dicere verum
Quid retat.'"

"Is nobody to laugh but ourselves, thou cantankerous jobbernot? For my part, I am convinced that the *Entr'Acte* of the 14th meant kindly by us. He doth not sneer, as thou didst thyself, at my 'Propertius,' and he saith we do not want to satisfy the general reader, which I take as a high compliment, for I am like that exquisite mime, Arbuscula—

—— 'Satis est equitem mihi plaudere, ut audear,
Contemptis aliis, explosa Arbuscula dixit.'"

At this juncture, a marvellously ill-favoured countenance popped up from an adjoining box, and said, in a coarse, girny sort of voice—

"I think you may render that:—

'I'm not one of them tragic sticks,
As seeks the cry of 'Brayvo Hicks.'"

"Reserve thine elucidations till such times as they are required," said Pantagruel, with all the mild dignity of his race, and without even turning round to look at the intruder, who was immediately behind him.

"On microscopic observation," said Epistemon, looking long and earnestly at the intruder, through a glass of hot gin-and-water, "On microscopic observation, I should pronounce thee to be an unfortunate schoolmaster, decomposed by bad beer and frequent passages through the Insolvent Court, into thy constituent atoms, and then, by some mysterious process, recomposed into a sort of shabby 'fast man.'"

Hereupon the intruder began to weep and wail, in maudlin style, declaring that no one loved him, and that he wished he had never been born,—in which latter sentiment, Pantagruel, Panurge and Epistemon, being all agreed, for the first time in their lives, most heartily concurred. Then he became frantically joyous, and sang out:—

"Thus became Tom Tossopot rich,
Thus went through the tailor's stitch;
Thus did Bacchus conquer Indy,
Thus philosophy, Melindy."

Then he discoursed gravely, and said, "Qui feut premier, soif ou beuverye? Soif; car qui eust beu sans soif durant le temps d'innocence? Beuverye, car 'privatio præsупponit habitum.' Je suis clere—'Fœcundi calices quem non fecere disertum.'"

Then he got back to his maudlin strain, and whimpered forth, while all stared at him with infinite disgust, "Nobody loves me; nobody drinks with me; nobody eats with me. I'll dine with the Saracen's Head."

"At the Saracen's Head," suggested Epistemon.

"You're another! Who's your hatter? Does your mother know you're out?" retorted the intruder, using phrases not only in themselves unseemly, but rendered still more repulsive by the absence of all logical connection. "I mean what I say—I will dine with the Saracen's Head; for I will order me a dish of boiled tripe, and the sign of the Saracen's Head shall be taken off the hinges, and placed on the table. Thus shall I dine with the Saracen's Head—as the lady dines with her mother, in that scintillating little piece called *A Christmas Dinner*. Then I will get drunk, very drunk, to a degree that even the great Robson shall not be able to imitate—a grand, original drunkenness.

"Become inebriate as thou pleasest," observed Pantagruel with disdainful benignity, but still without turning round, "provided it be at thine own expense; nay, I extend my permission still further, thou mayest even intoxicate thyself at the expense of another, provided that other be not I."

"Oblivious crew," shouted the intruder, "know, to your infinite shame and confusion, that I am your ancient friend, Carpimon." And with these words he fell senseless on the floor. Pantagruel looked at his face for the first time.

"Yes, it is indeed Carpimon," he said, mournfully.

"The Carpimon, whom we thought safe in New York?" asked Epistemon, sadly.

"The Carpimon, whom we hoped had hanged himself?" inquired Panurge, gloomily.

"The same," ejaculated Pantagruel, and he dashed a tear from his princely eye. "Alas! in this world, how may the fairest hopes be blighted!"

We called attention last week, and, if we remember rightly, invited our readers to contribute, to a testimonial about to be presented to Mademoiselle Piccolomini, on the occasion of her retirement from the stage. We were not in a position to state what form the testimonial would take, for it is not often that any such honorific present is received by a singer, and we had no precedent to guide us. All we knew was that the offering was to be made, that some of the first music-publishers in London were ready to accept subscriptions, and that a certain sum of money had been already subscribed. How (after forwarding one cheque for a very respectable amount) we wondered whether it would be diamonds, emeralds or pearls, whether a brooch, a bracelet or a necklace, that the adorers of Mademoiselle Piccolomini, with ourselves foremost amongst the number, would present to their charming little idol! To a successful railway director, testimonialists, while things are still going on smoothly, give enough money to buy an estate. Mr. Russell of the *Scotsman*, only the other day, was complimented with a silver tea-service and some sixteen hundred sovereigns. Mr. E. L. Blanchard, as it were the day before yesterday, had a silver claret jug given to him by Mr. Smith. Then who has not had an inkstand presented to him, and who has not wished that it had been anything else? However, there is something in an inkstand—there ought to be ink, but we

are speaking in a loftier sense; there is something in a claret-jug—there ought to be claret, but that is not precisely what we mean; and in sixteen hundred sovereigns there is eighty pounds a-year, at five *per cent.*, supposing that the owner is weak enough not to break into the capital. But with neither and with none of these more or less valuable and appropriate gifts could we do homage to Mademoiselle Piccolomini. We should know what to give a fox-hunter or a proprietor of race-horses, and we have already told our readers what testimonials were justly considered appropriate to the editor of a Scotch newspaper and to the author of a hundred pantomimes; but this, after all, brings us no nearer to the solution of the great question—What testimonial shall be offered to Mademoiselle Piccolomini?

Let us begin, we thought, and reason from the beginning. Mademoiselle Piccolomini is a singer, therefore let us invite her acceptance of something that will be especially useful to a vocalist. That will, surely, be more reasonable than was the giving of a claret-jug to Mr. E. L. Blanchard, whose drink is pale ale at lunch and sherry at dinner; or of a tea-service to Mr. Russell, whose ordinary beverage is coffee; or of an inkstand to the present writer, to whom the sight of an inkstand happens to be a vision of terror.

Then what shall we lay at the feet of Mademoiselle Piccolomini, in her capacity of prima donna?

A box of Stolberg's voice-lozenges? That would be too cheap, far too nasty, and not in any way complimentary.

A tuning-fork of massive gold? That would be open to some of the same objections.

A piano? Every one has a piano.

Music? Mademoiselle Piccolomini sings all kinds of music, and has already music of every kind.

But the music that is not yet written, that is still in the composer's brain, or that, at least, has not yet met the public ear. Would not *that* be a present to set before a lyric queen?

The very idea that had occurred to us, or, rather, at which we had arrived after prodigious mental labour, had also struck the originators of the Piccolomini testimonial; and people are now beginning to understand that this testimonial has been already presented in the shape of an opera by Signor Campana, at the public production of which the subscribers—to the theatre as well as to the testimonial—were invited to be present last Thursday. We need not say here what opinion we have of *Almina*, except that we think that some excuse was needed for bringing it out. Perhaps we may be allowed to add, that if *Almina* is indeed the Piccolomini testimonial, of which we have heard so much, we are really very sorry that our popular little favourite has not received something a great deal more valuable.

NEW ARRIVALS.—Mademoiselle Anna Kull, violoncellist; M. Theodore Ritter, pianist and composer; Herr Kumpel, a violinist of distinction; and Herr Schnieder, a tenor player.

BELFAST.—(From our own Correspondent).—The Anacreontic Society concluded their forty-seventh season, on the 19th inst., with a concert which appeared to give much satisfaction to a large audience, although the performance was confined to the members of the Society, who are nearly all amateurs. The programme was varied, and included solos for piano, flute, and saxophone, a duo for piano and violoncello, songs and glees, &c., but the only feature in it which calls for special remark was Romberg's Symphony in E flat, which was played with spirit, and with an attention to light and shade that reflects great credit on the clever conductor, Herr Leo Kerbusch. Mr. Loveday led the violins with his usual care.

THE FRENCH ORPHEONISTS IN ENGLAND.

THE good musical understanding between ourselves and England progresses every day. We have been enabled to estimate and record its progress by our relations with London. This novel kind of understanding, which has for its ministers Mozart, Beethoven, Handel, Meyerbeer, Halévy, Ambroise Thomas, Mendelssohn, Kücken, and Kreutzer, and for its ambassadors, three thousand French Orphéonists, will be settled and consolidated to the benefit of the artistic future of these two great nations. The London Sacred Harmonic Society has already given the French choral societies the tone of the intellectual and moral concert which will gloriously complete this triple choral demonstration. Our readers have read in these columns the Society's address, which was the eloquent preface of the cordial welcome that awaits our legion of singers. The information we have received, from reliable sources, and the high opinion we entertain of the English character, enable us to foresee, for this harmonious expedition, days which will ever be recollected in the history of art and good brotherhood.

The English press has just officially announced the Festival. The *Times*, the *Observer*, the *Daily News*, the *Morning Chronicle*, and the other papers of all shades and opinions, have received the announcement with favour. Nor could it be otherwise. The fatidical voice of the *Orphéon* is understood in high quarters; its extent and vibrations are measured by the echoes it arouses in the human heart; by the profound and sudden metamorphoses it effects in the life of nations. The London Festival will wipe out historical animosities. The historians of both countries should be present, in order to study together an event which cannot fail to leave behind it a deep impression on men's minds, and to act beneficially on our international relations. How do we outstrip, with their cold prose! How do we bequeath to the dust of libraries, and to the old remains of prejudices, the hateful legends of Pitt, of Chatham and of Jean Bart! What do we care about the politics of party, the ideal of sailors and of song-writers? The human dogma of progress, in the unity of language and of race, shines far above these rabid reminiscences, these monotonous couplets, and these sinister images of another epoch. The progress of our ideas has burst the chain of these blind, retrogressive or stationary principles. We do not think the renovation of international laws can be any longer stopped by the bitter dithyrambs of a few orators and poets, who rise in the morning, from their interviews with the god Mars, without seeing what is the hour by the dial of History. But who are we, that we should have dared, without consulting the augurs, to get up so imposing a musical demonstration, to organise the enlistment of three thousand singers—of three thousand voices, which will peal forth the hymn of brotherhood in the grand transept of the Palace at Sydenham? Whence have we derived such boldness and such strength? We have derived it, simply, from our confidence in the Future, and in the superiority of our views on history and philosophy. We are simply men endowed with a good will and perseverance. We believe when others doubt. We watch when others sleep. We are, also, we must honestly confess, men frequently selected as the butt for sarcasm, calumny, abuse, and the insolent denials of that petty fry, who harass, with their squeaking voices, everyone who cannot behold them in their native dust, and who rises above them in heart and head. Ah! Art is not a vain ornament of youth! Art is, after all,

* More than four thousand Orphéonists have entered their names.

good for something in the life of nations! Artists are not so much out of place, in the philosophic and moral movements of society, as some people are pleased to affirm!

The days fixed on for the Festival of the French Orphéonists in London are Monday, the 25th; Tuesday, the 26th; and Thursday, the 28th of June next. A circular which M. Delaporte will send, this week, to the Societies which have signified their intention of taking part in the ceremony, will contain the complete programme of the Festival. We shall, in our next number, publish a list of all the choruses, which will be executed by the three thousand Orphéonists.

Two months separate us from the solemnity. In two months' time, the steamers will carry the vocal legion to the shores of Albion. The Orphéonists must increase their exertions, and pay more attention than ever to their studies, in order to prove themselves worthy of France, and deserving the applause of England, for Great Britain will be represented by all classes at the Festival. The French Orphéonists must prepare themselves seriously to maintain their musical reputation before the people and aristocracy of the United Kingdom.

J. F. VAUDIN.

—From the *Orphéon*.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

MDLLE. PICCOLOMINI gave her second farewell performance on Saturday, when the *Traviata* was represented, and, being a subscription night, the theatre was crowded. The *Trovatore* was given for the third time on Tuesday.

On Thursday, a new opera was produced, entitled *Almina*, composed by Sig. Fabio Campana, favourably known, in England, as the author of light vocal pieces for the drawing-room. Sig. Campana, too, we are informed, produced in Italy, some years ago, one or two operas, of which we know nothing. The story of *Almina* would not interest our readers if recounted in detail. Enough that the heroine loves one man and is married to another, that she is supposed to die of a broken heart, and is buried; that her lover, reported killed, returns from the wars and breaks open her tomb; that she is restored to life, and flies with her deliverer to a foreign land; that they revisit their native country; that the husband reclaims his wife, and that the lady takes poison, and dies. There are some good dramatic situations, of which such a composer as Signor Verdi would doubtless have made good use. Signor Campana, however, is wanting in dramatic fire, which, above all other qualities, *Almina* requires. Mdlla. Piccolomini was well suited in the part of *Almina*—being invariably earnest and passionate, and often real. The music, however, was not so suitable to her means, and her singing did not always produce its wonted effect. Signor Giuglini, as the lover, Blondello, on the other hand, sang better than ever, and carried away the vocal honours of the evening. He was encored twice, and was in finer voice than we have heard him for a long time. Signor Aldighieri sustained the part of Walter, the husband, with his customary vigour, and more than his customary judgment.

Taking applause as a criterion, the success of *Almina* was triumphant. After the first act, the principal singers were recalled, and then Signor Campana was compelled to appear, when he was not merely received with tumultuous acclamations, but *fitted* with bouquets and laurel-wreaths. At the fall of the curtain, too, he was summoned to the foot-lights twice, when the demonstrations were renewed, and no doubt the composer left the theatre perfectly satisfied that his opera had achieved a great and legitimate triumph. First nights, however, are not always precedents—the *Barbiere* of Rossini to witness.

The new *divertissement*, produced for Mdlla. Pocchini, is quite unworthy the great talents of the *danseuse*.

Last night *Lucrezia Borgia* was given, with Mdlla. Titiens as Lucrezia, Madame Borghi-Mamo as Maffeo Orsini (her first appearance in the part), Signor Mongini, Gennaro (his first appearance in the part), and Signor Sebastiano Ronconi, Duke

Alfonso (his first appearance in this country). Of this performance, we shall speak next week.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Fidelio was repeated on Saturday, and attracted a much larger attendance than at the first performance. Madame Csilag more than confirmed the impression she made on Thursday. The indisposition of Signor Tagliafico necessitated the omission of Pizarro's only air. In other respects Beethoven's great masterpiece was given to perfection.

Grisi and Mario made their "*rentrée*" on Tuesday in *La Favorita*. Of course the theatre was crowded, the public being always desirous to hail the first appearance of these deservedly admired performers. M. Faure, too, was Alfonso XI., and lent another attraction to the performance. Grisi still maintains her place. Her upper notes may have lost some of their brilliancy, and her execution some of its fluency; but the voice still possesses the exquisite quality of old, and her style retains all its unrivalled charm. That Grisi should act still better and better, is a matter of course. In this respect, at all events, we can discover no change, unless that she has become more subtle and more finished, as, indeed, we were inclined to think on Tuesday evening, when she transcended her former achievements, especially in the last scene, which has never been surpassed for intensity and pathos. Mario, too, appeared to act better than ever, which *à priori* was all but an impossibility, and to sing as nobody else but he can sing, when in the vein. The great tenor was labouring under a slight cold, which at first appeared to affect him but little. In the last act, however, immediately after the repeat of the romanza, "*Angiol d'amore*" (unanimously encored), a slight hoarseness was evident, and the passionate duet, "*Tutto m'oblio*," was deprived of a portion of its wonted effect.

M. Faure impersonated the Castilian monarch with more grace and dignity than we remember in any of his predecessors. Moreover, he looked every inch a king, and was dressed to perfection. He sang, also, finely, although occasionally with too evident a desire to shine, his extreme high notes being employed more frequently than necessary. M. Faure was encored in "*A tanto amor*," which he gave with irreproachable taste, showing by his manner to Leonora that, unlike many Alfonsos, he thoroughly appreciated the force of the words.

{The opera was brought out with all that careful attention to detail which, among other things, has made the reputation of the theatre. The costumes were splendid and appropriate, and the scenery magnificent, the last scene—the cloisters in the monastery—almost rivalling the memorable *tableau* in the old house.

Fidelio was announced for repetition on Thursday, but, in consequence of the illness of Signor Tagliafico, *Dinorah* was substituted, the song of the Huntsman (Act III.) being omitted.

On Tuesday, *Fra Diavolo* will bring back Signor Ronconi as Lord Allcash, and Madame Miolan-Carvalho will make her first appearance as Zerlina.

LEEDS TOWN HALL ORGANISTSHIP—(From a Correspondent).

—The conditions upon which the election of an organist for the Leeds Town Hall is to be conducted have just been issued by the Committee. From the applicants it is intended to select not fewer than three, nor more than seven, who will be submitted to the Town Council as the selected list. These gentlemen will then be invited to a competitive performance before three eminent organists, who will report on their comparative ability, as No. 1, 2, and 3; and the candidate standing No. 1 will be submitted to the Council for appointment. The selected candidates will be allowed fifteen hours each for practice on the organ. (At Newcastle, recently, we believe, only one hour's practice was allowed.) Considerable interest is already exhibited in the approaching election, and it is rumoured that some of the first organists of the day intend to seek the appointment. The salary is to be £200 per annum, and after 100 performances have been given by the organist, the sum of £2 2s. will be paid for every extra performance.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

THE season was inaugurated on Monday evening, when a programme of unvaried excellence was provided. The Hanover-square Rooms were perhaps not so well attended as is usual on the opening night. The unfavourable state of the weather was sufficient, indeed, to have thinned the audience far more; but the lovers of good music are not to be daunted by Eurus and Boreas, even when they deal their fiercest blasts, and spout their densest rains. The following was the selection:—

PART I.			
Symphony, "The Seasons," in B minor	Spohr.
Song, "A questi avventuri infami" (Il Seraglio)	Mozart.
Concerto, violin	Mendelssohn.
Scena (Der Freischütz)	Weber.
Overture (Egmont)	Beethoven.
PART II.			
Symphony, "Jupiter"	Mozart.
Duet, "Se la vita" (Semiramide)	Rossini.
Overture (Oberon)	Weber.

Of the symphony of Spohr, we have more than once spoken at length. It is enough to say in this place, that it is not one of the most inspired works of the great master. In the movement illustrative of "Spring" there are many traces of his happiest manner and some of his brightest thoughts. The movement representing "Autumn," is everywhere spirited, graceful, and characteristic. "Summer," however, is depicted in too monotonous a tone, and "Winter"—with which, by the way, the symphony commences—is too uniformly sombre and monotonous. The execution, considering the difficulties presented, was marvellous, and Professor Bennett and his orchestra covered themselves with honour.

The violin concerto, as performed by Herr Becker, was in many respects entitled to the very highest commendation. Exceptions, nevertheless, might be taken in several instances; the reading generally was not in strict keeping with the directions of the composer. Herr Becker, nevertheless, played so splendidly, that he was recalled at the end and received with enthusiasm.

The execution of Mozart's symphony and Beethoven's overture was inimitable in every way, both performances being received with tumultuous applause, and the overture to *Oberon* was a splendid finale.

Signor Belletti sang the superb song from Mozart's too much neglected opera with faultless taste. Mdlle. Louise Michal, a Swedish *prima donna* of reputation in her own country, gave the grand scena from *Der Freischütz* with great power and facility, but in too studied and artificial a manner to create any unusual effect. So capable a voice as hers is not heard every day. The duet from *Semiramide* was more suited to the gentleman's style than that of the lady.

MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

THE third concert was given on Wednesday, and was alike characterised by excellence and variety, as the following selection will show.

PART I.			
Overture, (The Isles of Fingal)	Mendelssohn.
Air, "Jours de mon enfance," (Pré aux Cleres)	Hérold.
Symphony Concertante in B flat, Op. 63, two Pianofortes and Orchestra	Dusseck.
Recit., "By him betrayed" (M.S. Opera)	J. Benedict.
Air, "Thus I am doomed" (L'Etoile du Nord)	Vincent Wallace.
Overture, (Lurline)	
PART II.			
Sinfonia Eroica (No. 3), Op. 55	Beethoven.
Duo, "Di qual città seitu?" (L'Etoile du Nord)	Meyerbeer.
Overture, (Gustave)	Auber.
Conductor—Mr. Alfred Mellon.			

The features of the performance were the Symphony and Mendelssohn's overture, neither of which we ever heard executed with grander effect. The overture, although holding by no means the enviable position of the first piece in the programme, was encored in a tumult of applause, and repeated with in-

creased effect. Mr. Wallace's brilliant and dramatic orchestral prelude to *Lurline*, too, was played with astonishing power and precision. Not so the overture to Auber's opera, in which the first movement was taken too quick, and the last too slow—innovations which, in both instances, were disastrous to the effect intended by the composer. The Symphony Concertante of Dussek—too rarely heard in public—was acceptable on all accounts. The whole work is interesting; but the *finale* is an inspiration. Messrs. Charles Salaman and Lindsay Sloper were the pianists, and vied with each other and with the orchestra in zeal and energy.

The vocal music was excellent. Miss Augusta Thomson sang the very difficult air, from Hérold's opera, with great brilliancy; Mr. Santley gave a bold and vigorous reading of the masterly scena from Benedict's unpublished opera; and both artists gave the utmost capital effect to the admirable duet from Meyerbeer's *Etoile du Nord*.

The fourth concert is announced for the 9th of May, when Mr. G. A. Macfarren's new cantata, *Christmas*, will be given.

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